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A

CONGRATULATORY EPISTLE,

&c.

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A  
*Congratulatory Epistle*

TO THE  
REDOUBTABLE "PETER PORCUPINE."

ON HIS  
"COMPLETE TRIUMPH

OVER THE  
Once towering, but fallen and despicable faction,  
in the UNITED STATES:"

A POEM,

---

BY *PETER GRIEVOUS*, JUN<sup>r</sup>.

"Vice if it e'er would be abash'd  
"Must be or ridicul'd or lash'd."

SWIFT.

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TO WHICH IS ANNEXED  
THE VISION,  
A DIALOGUE

Between MARAT and PETER PORCUPINE,  
in the Infernal Regions.

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PHILADELPHIA:

FROM THE FREE AND INDEPENDENT  
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1796.

# Constitutional Rights

TO THE

REPUBLICAN PARTY OF THE UNITED STATES

OF THE

## COMPLETE TRUTH

OF THE

CONSTITUTIONAL RIGHTS OF THE PEOPLE

IN THE

UNITED STATES

BY JAMES M. WILSON

OF THE



THE

ASSOCIATION

OF MANUFACTURERS

OF THE

UNITED STATES

FROM THE YEAR 1845 TO THE PRESENT

PERIOD OF HISTORY

OF THE

THOMAS BRADY

REVIEWER AND EDITOR

OF THE



A

CONGRATULATORY EPISTLE, &c.

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**H** A I L mighty champion of the clan,  
Who war against the Rights of Man—  
Those base inherent rights I mean,  
That would dethrone a king or queen ;  
To wit, a despot and despotes,  
By slaves yclep'd a god and goddess—  
Untitle lords, and earls, and dukes,  
And mould them into common folks—  
Bring orders higher than a steeple,  
To the base level of the people—  
Claim independency of spirit,  
And build celebrity on merit—  
Make government a mere collusion  
And order change into confusion—

Turn rights hereditary up-  
 Side down, and virtue place a top—  
 And with felonious scheme bring in  
 Equality, that deadly sin.

HAIL generous stranger, who went o'er  
 From Mother Britain's peaceful shore,  
 To frantic France, to teach her good,  
 And check the waste of noble blood—  
 Like Howard bent on deeds humane,  
 To loose the royal captive's chain !  
 To mitigate a monarch's throes !  
 And dissipate a nation's woes !  
 But those unfeeling Sans-culottes,  
 Who cut despotic nobles' throats,  
 With regal blessings discontented,  
 Your kind philanthropy prevented.  
 Pained to the soul, and heavy hearted,  
 You from th' ill fated country parted.  
 Thus parted Lot from Sodom's plain,  
 All hopes of reformation vain,  
 With keen reluctance of mind,  
 Nor stopped to cast a look behind,  
 But flew like lightning from a state,  
 Doomed to inevitable fate,  
 Yet still on gracious actions bent,  
 By some kind angel, doubtless sent,  
 Thro' much fatigue, distress and pain,

You cross'd the unfathomable main ;  
 And jeopard'd your precious life,  
 To save our land from civil strife.  
 Accept great chief, this gratulation,  
 In concert with a grateful nation,  
 Who sensible of your desert,  
 Pour out the effusions of its heart,  
 Maugre the democratic pranks,  
 In panegyric, love, and thanks.

HAIL matchless man, to whom belong,  
 Sublimest powers of prose and song !  
 Whose ample mind has formed alliance  
 With every art and every science—  
 Whose genius, soaring to the stars,  
 The plots of the anarchists mars—  
 Whose poignant wit, like lightning darts,  
 Transfixing Jacobinic hearts—  
 Whose logic sharp, and brilliant diction,  
 Thrills thro' the Sans culottes' conviction  
 Our bloody, self-created rogues,  
 The democratic demagogues,  
 Who now feloniously asperse,  
 The mistress of the universe ;  
 And diabolically spit on,  
 The Queen of Isles, imperial Britain :  
 Who dare to think, or speak, or sing,  
 Blasphemous things against the king,

And most presumptuously assert,  
 That Britain's is a venal court,  
 Composed of pensioners and tools,  
 Confederate villains, dupes and fools,  
 E'er prone to schemes and actions sinister,  
 And at the beck of every minister ;  
 And that her glorious constitution,  
 Is in reality allusion—  
 A fairy scene, or vap'ry dream,  
 That flits before the morning beam—  
 And hoot the rights divine, of kings,  
 As ludicrous unnatural things ;  
 While e'en nobility of birth,  
 Serves but to animate their mirth ;  
 Unweeting dupes, and heinous elves,  
 Who fancy monarchs, like themselves,  
 Were formed of particles of clay,  
 And came to light the common way ;  
 That after having spent their breath  
 In slaughtering others, bow to death—  
 And like the race of mortal men  
 Dissolve to mother earth again.  
 Preposterous fools, and wretches vile,  
 At whom e'en Pyrrhonists would smile—  
 Who, like the mole, toil underground,  
 And scarcely view an inch around ;  
 Whose darkling souls, in vain would trace,  
 The origin of kingly race ;



Who never view the sun of science,  
 Nor with the muses hold alliance ;  
 Else they might see with half an eye,  
 That kings and emperors, never die—  
 But by a wond'rous transmigration,  
 Still live, and reign, in every nation—  
 Nor can the sword of death dissever,  
 Those beings, formed to live for ever.  
 To me the loyal task be given,  
 To prove that kings were sent from heav'n,  
 What time the giants fell at odds,  
 Those ancient democrats, with gods,  
 And in rebellion vainly strove,  
 Against th' immortal powers above,  
 Which raised such hubbubs in the world,  
 As mountains from their bases hurled—  
 'Twas then dread Jove in vengeance rose,  
 And thundered terror 'mid his foes,  
 Dispersed their host, bade discord cease,  
 And hushed the jarring world to peace.  
 Thence to prevent thro' future times,  
 A repetition of these crimes ;  
 T' exact obedience to his law,  
 And keep the universe in awe,  
 He built on earth, a golden throne,  
 And on it placed his eldest son.  
 And to complete the regal state,  
 He formed a class of beings great,



Of heterogenial rank and birth;  
 From kings, and children of the earth,  
 Gave them to view the monarch's face,  
 His councils aid, and share his grace.  
 Then bade a herald loud proclaim,  
 NIMROD, the earthly sovereign's name.  
 And that thenceforward every one  
 Of mortal race, or mother's son,  
 Te Deumns annually should sing,  
 In homage to their gracious king;  
 And as, in riches, they increas'd,  
 To him, impart the half at least;  
 And consecrate the purse, and life,  
 Whene'er he bade the mortal strife—  
 From loyalty, they ne'er must swerve,  
 But faithfully their monarch serve,  
 Obsequious bend beneath his nod,  
 And kiss with quivering lips the rod.  
 Hence in a lineal succession,  
 And ad infinitum progression,  
 From mighty Nimrod's royal Whelps,  
 Thro' unknown ages to the Guelphs,  
 Have monarchs reign'd, and e'er will reign,  
 While water, earth, and air remain.  
 Thus having proved as clear as day,  
 That sovereigns never sprung from clay,  
 But in undeviating line  
 Rose from an origin divine,

Let our republicans, betimes,  
 Begin to expiate their crimes,  
 Committed 'gainst the parent State,  
 Before it be for aye too late—  
 Before the sovereign queen of isles,  
 Transform, to vengeance' frowns, her smiles,  
 And rise in terrible array,  
 And sweep our infant States away,  
 As easily as maid with broom,  
 Sweeps dust and cobwebs from a room;  
 Or as confederate kings advance,  
 And crush the Sans-culottes of France.  
 Acknowledge then you've been to blame,  
 And bow o'erwhelmed with grief and shame!  
 Oh! like the prodigal return,  
 Your base ingratitude to mourn!  
 Return tho' late, to your allegiance,  
 And swear immutable obedience.  
 For 'tis as evidently plain,  
 As twice the number one makes twain,  
 That you, flagitiously have swerv'd,  
 And Britain's chastisements deserv'd.  
 For has not great Camillus shown,  
 By logic, clear, as man in moon,  
 Your silly, wicked, wilful blindness,  
 And her unalterable kindness?  
 Else long ere now, she would have eat ye,  
 For violating the old treaty.

Has he not loyally disputed,  
 And all your flimsy schemes refuted?  
 Evinced your machinations vain,  
 Against the mistress of the main?  
 Who has the exclusive right to prey,  
 On all that sails the watery way.  
 Hence in strict equity, I trow,  
 Where'er th' Atlantic surges flow,  
 Your ships, and property, she seizes,  
 And hardy tars, whene'er she pleases.  
 Be grateful then, you're in existence,  
 Nor basely contemplate resistance;  
 But acquiesce, like loyal freemen,  
 In captur'd property, and seamen.  
 Then adverse politics, explode,  
 And listen to the episode,  
 Depicting our low-fallen glory,  
 Invelop'd in an allegory.  
 When fair Columbia was a child,  
 And mother Britain on her smil'd  
 With kind regard, and strok'd her head,  
 And gave her dolls, and gingerbread,  
 And sugar plums, and many a toy,  
 Which prompted gratitude and joy—  
 Then a more duteous maid, I ween,  
 Ne'er frisked it o'er the playful green;  
 Whate'er the mother said, approv'd,  
 And with sincere affection lov'd—

With reverence listen'd to her dreams,  
 And bowed obsequious to her schemes—  
 Barter'd the products of her garden,  
 For trinkets, worth more than a farthing—  
 And whensoever the mother sigh'd,  
 She, sympathetic daughter, cri'd,  
 Fearing the heavy, long-drawn breath,  
 Betoken'd her approaching death.  
 But when at puberty arriv'd,  
 Forgot the power in whom she liv'd,  
 And 'gan to make preposterous splutter,  
 'Bout spreading her own bread and butter,  
 And stubbornly refus'd t' agree,  
 In form, to drink her bohea-tea,  
 And like a base ungrateful daughter,  
 Hurl'd a whole tea box in the water—  
 'Bout writing paper, made a pother,  
 And dared to argue with her mother—  
 Contended pertly, that the nurse,  
 Should not be keeper of the purse;  
 But that herself, now older grown,  
 Would have a pocket of her own,  
 In which the purse she would deposit,  
 As safely as in nurse's closet.  
 This wavering from, her just allegiance,  
 By overt acts of disobedience—  
 (While each revolving season brought,  
 More independency of thought,)  
 She stopped her ears, 'gainst loyal reason,  
 C



And heinously committed treason.  
 With broken heart, the mother saw,  
 Her daughter trample on her law!  
 Ingratitude, more sharp than sword,  
 Her kind maternal bosom gor'd,  
 Which vibrating thro' every vein,  
 The system thrill'd with keenest pain!  
 Thus tortur'd, oft she lost her wits,  
 And struggl'd in hysteric fits!  
 At lucid intervals, would weep,  
 And utter gibberish in her sleep—  
 Related melancholy dreams,  
 And plann'd the most romantic schemes.  
 At length, the indignant steward rose,  
 To mitigate her heavy woes!—  
 Words from his lips, like thunder broke,  
 And to the mother thus he spoke—  
 “ Great madam, this ungrateful daughter,  
 Despising every thing you've taught her,  
 And blindly persevering in  
 The ways of wickedness and sin,  
 Has been conversing, as I hear,  
 The truth of which I greatly fear,  
 Oft in the grove, and at the lymph,  
 With Liberty, a mountain nymph;  
 A mischievous, beguiling fair,  
 With honi'd tongue, and wanton air,  
 Who living still a wandering life,



Takes pleasure in fomenting strife,  
 In each domestic peaceful scene,  
 Where slavery's shadows intervene;  
 'Bout strict obedience makes a pother,  
 And children prompts, to hate their mother;  
 Infuses in their heads strange fancies,  
 Of freedom, and the like romances.  
 To me, it seems as clear a case,  
 As nose on Punchenello's face,  
 That this said damsel has beguil'd,  
 Bedevil'd, and bewitched the child.  
 And by old Jealousy I learn,  
 Some facts, our mutual peace concern,  
 To wit, that Miss Columbia had,  
 Looked thro the window at a lad,  
 (Of that enticing fair, a brother,  
 Tho' far more dangerous than the other)  
 A turbulent, and factious fellow,  
 Who wont 'gainst servitude to bellow,  
 And lead unthinking minds astray,  
 From ancient custom's sacred way—  
 For filial disobedience famed,  
 And rightly Independence, named.  
 And furthermore, she has been seen,  
 Strolling and musing, o'er the green!  
 What time Aurora opes her eyes,  
 And paints, in rainbow tints, the skies,  
 And when the evening's shadows grey,  
 Shut up the lucid eye of day.

These Madam, are not idle fancies,  
 But strong, and weighty circumstances ;  
 Which will by fair ratiocination,  
 And fyllogistic implication,  
 Demonstrate clearly, that this daughter,  
 Who lives on t'other side the water,  
 Has in the grove, and at the fountain,  
 Talked with that damsel of the mountain,  
 About the rights of eating cheese,  
 And bread and butter, when they please ;  
 And drinking tea, from china dishes,  
 And catching lobsters, crabs, and fishes—  
 And having pence in silken purse,  
 In spite of our old trusty nurse.—  
 And thrice looked thro' the window glass,  
 To see that factious fellow pass—  
 And maugre all maternal lectures,  
 Of bugbears, fiends, hobgoblins, spectres,  
 This temerarious girl, unseen,  
 Oft strolls about the dewy green ;  
 Before the dawn's dark shadows flee,  
 And when dun evening shrouds the ley.  
 And now to sum up all her errors,  
 (Nay cease unnecessary terrors.)  
 First, it appears from what's been stated,  
 From duty's sphere she's deviated ;  
 And gone, with Liberty, astray,  
 Far, far in the forbidden way.

And secondly, as looks impart  
 The inclinations of the heart,  
 And thro the medium of the eye,  
 We frequently the soul descry—  
 Hence it results, your daughter's looks,  
 Are fixed on something more than books,  
 And clear, as flash of lightning, proves,  
 That she, this Independence, loves.  
 Thirdly, as people have been known,  
 At morn, and eve, to stray alone,  
 And o'er the dewy green to wander,  
 Some deep-laid stratagem to ponder—  
 It is most evident she means,  
 Maugre your will, while in her teens,  
 Her diabolic scheme to carry,  
 And this vile Independence marry.  
 Of all these crimes, by truth depicted,  
 Of all these crimes, she stands convicted.  
 And many more, that I could tell y'on,  
 Which fairly mount to base rebellion.  
 Rise then insulted Madam, rise,  
 This ingrate daughter to chastise ;  
 Let pity's tear, that gilds your eye,  
 Henceforward be for ever dry ;  
 Let ardent love, to hatred turn,  
 And vengeance in your bosom burn,  
 Till she, repentant, kiss the rod,  
 And bow submissive to your nod ;

Renouncing every word and thought,  
 Save those, your wiser self have taught—  
 Discarding all her new associates,  
 With whom, at present, she negotiates—  
 And evermore, till time shall end,  
 Forego the right to choose a friend;  
 Command her passions to stand still,  
 And bend obsequious to your will;  
 Disclose each thought, she e'er may find,  
 Intruding on her busy mind;  
 Hate what you hate, love what you love,  
 And your romantic whims approve—  
 And eat, without a word, the food  
 That you prepare, or bad or good—  
 Hence forward swear to drink her tea,  
 Squat on the floor, or on one knee,  
 From wooden bowls—(not china dishes)  
 That as for lobsters, crabs, and fishes,  
 Your ladyship oft being fainty,  
 And consequently very dainty,  
 The privilege claims, of eating all  
 She catches, whether great or small.”  
 The afflicted mother trembling rose  
 Nor moist her eye, nor hush'd her woes!  
 And thrice essay'd to speak, in vain,  
 Choak'd by intolerable pain,  
 Which her maternal bosom heav'd,  
 And of all utterance bereav'd!



'Till from her eyes a torrent sprung,  
 Which sooth'd her breast, & loos'd her tongue  
 Then in a whisper, or a sigh,  
 Said, what a—hapless—wretch—am I !  
 My darling—child—my—latest—birth !  
 And breathless sunk upon the earth.  
 At which, the steward raved, and swore,  
 And spouted louder than before ;  
 And urg'd his cause, in terms prophetic,  
 With argument so energetic,  
 That rous'd the mother's fallen spirit,  
 This ingrate child, to disinherit.—  
 When twice nine years thro' wilds she'd rambl'd  
 And over barren mountains scrambl'd  
 With naked feet, and garments torn,  
 Of pence and happiness forlorn !  
 She 'gan, too late, to see her folly,  
 And moaned, and grew quite melancholy !  
 And fain had kiss'd her mother's rod,  
 And cring'd beneath her slightest nod,  
 Had not her children, rude and base,  
 Devoid of loyalty and grace,  
 To faction prone, and devastation,  
 Prevented reconciliation.  
 But now to drop our allegory,  
 And facts relate in simple story,  
 What fell aspersions had of late,  
 Been cast upon the parent State—



'Gainst constitution, court and king,  
 Whence every earthly blessing spring.  
 What factious principles abounded,  
 Which e'en our government confounded ;  
 And spread like wild fire thro' the realm,  
 Boding our peace to overwhelm.—  
 'Twas in this most tremendous hour,  
 When anarchy began to lower ;  
 And heinous, self-created, clans,  
 Disclosed their order-sapping plans—  
 While sad Columbia's languid form,  
 Trembled beneath the impendent storm—  
 'Twas then redoubted, generous chief,  
 Your bared your arm for our relief,  
 And with resistless vigor hurl'd,  
 Disorder from this western world.  
 As Sampson, thunderbolt of fight,  
 Put hosts of Philistines to flight—  
 With fury slew them hip and thigh,  
 And heaped their carcases on high—  
 Or laid them sprawling on the grass,  
 With but the jaw-bone of an ass—  
 And made among their ranks such slaughter,  
 That blood flowed o'er the plain like water.  
 Thus your immortal prowess hurl'd  
 More Philistines to t'other world,  
 Those bloody democrats I mean,  
 With the same weapon too I ween ;

(Hence we infer your Bone to Gnaw,  
Was nothing but an afs's jaw)  
And heap'd their mangl'd corfes higher,  
Than pismire hill, or city spire.

HAIL mighty chief, the loyal muse,  
Would fain your matchless feats diffuse,  
Far as the lust'rous god of day,  
Disseminates his genial ray—  
'Till your immortal name, be sung,  
By every king and noble's tongue;  
Borne gaily down the stream of time,  
The theme of each despotic clime.  
'Till Liberty, that gorgon dread,  
Shall never more uplift her head;  
But in monarchic chains be hurl'd,  
Beyond the precincts of the world—  
For endless ages to remain,  
Ne'er to afflict King George again:  
'Till those vile herds, your arm who dar'd,  
And whom, your royal mercy spar'd,  
May lower crouch, beneath your feet,  
And make your triumphs more complete.

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WHAT direful scenes the world amaze,  
In these degenerated days!  
An era new, unprecedented,  
By privileged orders, much lamented—  
D

Replete with prodigies and crimes,  
 Surpassing antiquated times—  
 An era new, of wond'rous changes,  
 O'er which the mind astonish'd, ranges,  
 And pregnant with unnumber'd woes,  
 To monarchs, courts, and freedom's foes—  
 An era new, of revolutions,  
 And self-created constitutions,  
 Of anarchy, and guillotines,  
 Now ushers on the world its scenes.  
 The hapless Europa's disasters,  
 The overthrow of noble masters,  
 Those principles, and manners vicious,  
 To all society pernicious,  
 Like Sirius, that malignant star,  
 Which spread their baneful influence far ;  
 And e'en the reasoning race imbrute,  
 And ancient politics, dilute,  
 The growth of despotism, disturb,  
 And mighty kings, and orders curb ;  
 Destroy the symmetry of power,  
 The works of ages, in an hour,  
 Set the whole universe agog,  
 And guillotine the good king Log,  
 Expel the ancient superstition,  
 Spread heresy, and foul sedition,  
 Treason and atheism abroad,  
 And blast the noblest works of God—

The sad effects of which we feel,  
 More poignant far than griding steel—  
 The source, whence all these evils rise,  
 The muse now sings with wat'ry eyes,  
 When Liberty, that goddess dire,  
 Rous'd Gallia's children into ire,  
 Against their country's despotism,  
 And made in politics a schism,  
 And like a fury void of pity,  
 Rais'd insurrection in the city,†  
 Rebellion's cradle, right yclept,  
 O'er which, since, monarchy has wept,  
 What time sedition rung alarms,  
 And treason bawl'd, "to arms, to arms!"  
 To arms, the frantic thousands rush'd,  
 And regal opposition crush'd—  
 Nor ceas'd their bloody rage, till first,  
 They'd whelm'd the pride of kings in dust!  
 And what deplorable and odd is,  
 This tyranny destroying goddess,  
 By waving round her magic wand,  
 Spread fell infection thro' the land,  
 'Till frenzy all the nation seiz'd—  
 And e'en the government diseas'd,  
 With a complaint, yclept king's evil,  
 Which with the orders played the devil.

† Paris.



O'erturn'd the royal constitution,  
 And usher'd in a revolution,  
 Big with unparallel'd events,  
 And indefcribable portents!  
 Which metamorphos'd, common drudges,  
 Into great statesmen, heroes, judges;  
 And soldiers disciplin'd, from boys,  
 Which Europe's quiet still annoys—  
 Electrifi'd the general mass,  
 All former valour to surpass—  
 Chang'd customs, systems, times and seasons,  
 Religion kill'd, and sever'd weasands!  
 Arrested nature in her course,  
 To join their regicidal force,  
 And aid a sacrilegious cause,  
 Subverting order, peace, and laws;  
 (Which still blasphemously is pointed,  
 Against our king, the Lord's anointed)  
 Which pour'd o'er Flanders like a flood,  
 And bath'd her fields in noble blood!  
 Made Prussians scud, and Austrians leap,  
 At Wiffiembourg and fam'd Gameppe—  
 And Cobourg, like a whirlwind flee,  
 At Fleury's plains and Maubeugé!  
 While the redoubted duke of York,  
 Near Tournay's walls, and at Dunkirk,  
 With epileptic fits was taken,  
 And flew to save his royal bacon,



Here Prussia's eagle flaps his wings,  
 And trembling, from the combat springs,  
 With half pluck'd tail, and fallen crest,  
 Retires full weary to his nest.  
 Mean time, alas! on numerous plains,  
 'The life blood pours from loyal veins.  
 Observe magnanimous O'Hara,  
 At Toulon, wofully miscarry!  
 While he submits to wear the chain,  
 His legions fall, or fly the plain.  
 Here, lo! the cruel Dugomier,  
 Erects his standard in the air;  
 While bloody warriors at his side,  
 Extend their conquering squadrons wide—  
 Flow down the Pyrenees amain,  
 And crop the towering pride of Spain.  
 Here view the dreadful Bounaparte,  
 With deathful eye, and lion's heart!  
 While dauntless souls his steps attend,  
 Now grimly o'er the Alps ascend—  
 Roll down its' sides a torrent strong,  
 And sweep confederate hosts along—  
 Spread widely o'er Italia's realm,  
 And Austria's provinces o'erwhelm!  
 While Victor Amadeus, that ninny,  
 The mighty monarch of Sardinia,  
 A suppliant bends, oppress'd with grief,  
 Before the Jacobinic chief—

Proffers his kingdom to divide,  
 Ah! heavy stroke to regal pride,  
 And cede to France, whate'er she wills,  
 Of cities, vallies, plains and hills—  
 While pope, and dukes, and orders great,  
 With Naples' sovereign share his fate;  
 And basely crouch, beneath the nod,  
 Of Bounaparte, that demi-god—  
 While Beaulieu, with the sad remains,  
 Of slaughter'd myriads, flies the plains.  
 With bleeding heart come now approach,  
 And view the carnage made by Hoche!  
 That tiger of the human race,  
 Who thwarted royal George's grace--  
 What time his philanthropic mind,  
 To mercy, love, and peace inclin'd  
 Benevolence, and pity bland--  
 The Quib'ron expedition plann'd;  
 Sent fleets and armies o'er the water,  
 To put a stop to human slaughter;  
 To check the interior hostility  
 Of France, and give the land tranquillity.  
 This generous act, his noble mind,  
 Had most undoubtedly design'd.  
 But Hoche, the regicidal chief,  
 To all his propositions deaf;  
 Dead to the feelings of humanity,  
 And instigated by profanity;

With his fell San-culottish brood,  
 Ever athirst for noble blood,  
 Like whirlwinds rush'd upon the coast,  
 And swept away the royal host.  
 Now northward, turn a painful eye,  
 And other fields of death descry!  
 Here Jourdan, that inhuman chief,  
 Delighting still in Europe's grief!  
 His cut-throat squadrons spreads afar,  
 Religion, peace, and bliss to mar,  
 Which like an overwhelming flood,  
 Germania deluges in blood.  
 There, dire Moreau, erects his form,  
 And o'er the Rhine conducts the storm,  
 The deathful cannon's thunder braves,  
 And far his conquering standard waves!  
 While Austria's numerous hosts in vain,  
 Essay the combat to maintain—  
 They fall, they fly or trembling yield,  
 And Gallia triumphs o'er the field.

LIKE you, great sage, the loyal muse,  
 Oft wets her cheeks, in sorrow's dews,  
 When she with retrospective glance,  
 Reviews the former bliss of France!  
 When the magnificent Bastile,  
 That glory, of the general weal—

That monument, of royal good,  
 Sublimely grand, for ages stood.  
 When kings, and nobles, queens, and priests,  
 With iron rod, controul'd the beasts,  
 The Sans-culottes, these bloody men,  
 Within the precincts of their den—  
 When if at royalty they growl'd;  
 Or in a noble's presence howl'd,  
 Straight dragg'd to justice, by a nod,  
 They paid, the insult, with their blood.  
 Or else for ages laid in durance,  
 Of prompt obedience, gave assurance.  
 But now alas! those golden times,  
 Have bid adieu to Gallia's climes!  
 That vast, superb, monarchic structure,  
 Of superhuman architecture—  
 That glorious tower, of towers the first,  
 Alas! lies buried in the dust.  
 Let loyal spirits, hence beware,  
 And wisely 'scape the direful snare;  
 Nor listen to the Siren Freedom,  
 Who in seditious ways, would lead them.  
 Nor ape those earth-born, monsters fell,  
 Against the gods who dar'd rebel—  
 (For had those democratic giants,  
 Who bade the immortal powers defiance,  
 Succeeded in their impious aim,  
 Olympus scal'd, and Jove o'ercame,



The factious wretches, would I ween,  
 Have shav'd him, with the guillotine.)  
 Nor the more bloody carmagnoles,  
 Those tigers, destitute of souls!  
 Who impiously have overturn'd,  
 A glorious throne, and order spurn'd!  
 Delug'd a land, in royal blood,  
 And whelm'd all titles in the flood!  
 Insulted emperors, kings, and queens,  
 With prison-ships, and guillotines.  
 This is the spring, of Europe's woes,  
 And hence Columbia's sorrow flows.  
 When that infatuated nation,  
 Had extirpated population;  
 And formed, with gothicism, alliance,  
 And banish'd virtue, art, and science,  
 And heaven-born orders, from the realm,  
 And plac'd the people at the helm—  
 Still not content one land to ruin,  
 They sent their principles a brewing  
 Sedition, sin, and every crime,  
 In this once loyal happy clime.  
 Hence base democracy uprais'd,  
 Its gorgon head, and faction gaz'd  
 With diabolical delight,  
 Which struck the empire with affright,  
 Hence toasts disloyal, mobs, banditti,  
 And effigies alarmed the city.

HAIL peerless warrior, England's boast,  
 Whose arm is mightier than a host !  
 Fain would the muse, in numbers high,  
 Resound your glory to the sky !  
 Fain would she sing, each gallant action,  
 How oft, you triumph'd, over faction,  
 Disloyalty, and opposition,  
 Democracy, and French sedition.  
 And when your foes, in evil hour,  
 By art, had got you in their power,  
 Short was their joy :—their triumph vain,  
 Soon ended, in defeat, and pain :  
 As the Philistine bands of yore,  
 By stratagem, foil'd Sampson's power ;  
 And hence, to make their nobles sport,  
 Took th' eyeless hero into court—  
 Who, while they deem'd no mischief brewing,  
 O'erwhelm'd them all in smouldering ruin.  
 So when of late, those bloody men,  
 Had dragged you struggling from your den,  
 Their triumphs were as short as those  
 Of the great Hebrew champion's foes,  
 For soon as e'er their heads they dare show,  
 You overwhelm'd them with the " Scare crow."

HAIL mighty chief, whose naval skill,  
 Claims higher praise and glory still !  
 What time old Anarch rais'd his form,  
 And o'er Columbia hurl'd a storm ;

The beauteous vessel of this realm,  
 The pilot sleeping at the helm,  
 Distant from order's peaceful coast,  
 Was in the factious ocean tost;  
 And heaving upward in the wind  
 Despair before, and death behind!  
 While o'er the decks, the billows dash'd,  
 And thunders roar'd, and lightnings flash'd!  
 (Charybdis here, her vortex opes,  
 And Scylla there, excludes all hopes,)  
 'Twas then, immortal pilot you,  
 Reliev'd our sad, desponding crew;  
 Thrill'd every heart with greatful joy,  
 By throwing out your "Bloody buoy—"  
 At sight of which we gain'd the port,  
 No longer now of storms the sport.

HAIL great physician, of the State,  
 Who snatched us from the jaws of fate,  
 When final ruin 'gan to lower,  
 And sav'd us by your healing power!  
 The constitution being sick,  
 To wit, the body politic,  
 And like to die—no hand to save,  
 Her blooming beauties from the grave!  
 Her breast just heav'd a struggling sigh  
 The film was settling o'er her eye!  
 The crimson current, 'gan to part,  
 From its last citadel, the heart!—

At this conjuncture, so portentous,  
 With consequences most momentous—  
 At this conjuncture, you arrived,  
 And instantly our hopes revived,  
 By proffering, gratis, by your skill,  
 The dreadful malady to heal.  
 Then quick administer'd an acid.  
 And divers drugs, of nature placid,  
 An anodyne and sweet elixer,  
 By courtiers styl'd imperial mixture;  
 Which, promptly, gave complete relief  
 And far dispers'd a nation's grief.

HAIL matchless chief, to whom we owe,  
 Existence in this world below!—  
 For as the Chariot of the State,  
 Surcharg'd with an enormous weight,  
 Banks, funding systems, and excises,  
 Whence fair Columbia's bliss arises,  
 Was lately driving thro the fields,  
 A monstrous giant stopp'd the wheels,  
 And with his huge Sampsonian force,  
 Impell'd the carriage from its course,  
 Then had our liberties, been tost,  
 And in the gulph of faction lost,  
 The constitution broke its neck,  
 The continent all gone to wreck,  
 And anarchy, and desolation,  
 Famine, and war, and conflagration,



Drought, pestilence, and earthquake shocks,  
 Each ill, of fell Pandora's box,  
 And greater plagues than Moses' hand,  
 Erst brought upon the Memphian land,  
 Like an impetuous torrent hurl'd,  
 Grim ruin round this western world—  
 The British treaty been frustrated,  
 And all our souls annihilated—  
 Had you not like Alcides rose,  
 To dissipate these mighty woes.  
 Armed cap-a-pe, like knight of lions,  
 To combat wind-mills, sheep and giants,  
 With sword unsheath'd, and arm like Jove,  
 You at the foe right onward drove.

COME martial Muse, with Homer's fire,  
 And Milton's grandeur, strike the lyre ;  
 Sound to the world, in thundering lay,  
 The dire, unparallel'd affray !  
 Sing how the earth with terror shook,  
 As with an epilepsy struck !  
 While Niagara's rushing flood,  
 In dread affright, suspended stood,  
 And ceas'd, its thundering waves, to pour,  
 Adown the lacerated shore !  
 How Phœbus, seiz'd with sad dismay,  
 Spread round the sky a sanguine ray !  
 While moon, and planets, round him scouted,  
 As fearing lest they would be routed.

The monstrous Giant kenn'd from far,  
 Our hero rushing to the war,  
 And as a crane, by river side,  
 With lengthy legs, and towering pride,  
 Looks highly pleas'd, with head awry,  
 If he a shoal of fish espy;  
 Intending soon their blood to draw,  
 And, with their bodies, gorge his craw—  
 So look'd the Giant at the sight,  
 Which edg'd his greedy appetite;  
 And quickly thought, the muse can tell ye,  
 To put our hero in his belly.  
 Mean time, the dauntless chief drew nigh,  
 With death, and vengeance in his eye,  
 Resolv'd, our sinking land to save,  
 Or greatly, find a glorious grave.  
 As towers the monarch of the fen,  
 In magnitude, above the wren,  
 Or elephant, above the grub,  
 Or lofty oak, above the shrub—  
 So tower'd the Giant, when compar'd  
 To him, his brawny arm, who dar'd.  
 Now see our hero swiftly rush,  
 And at the monster make a push,—  
 Who ere he turns himself around,  
 On his small-toe, perceives a wound.  
 Anon, with indignation feels,  
 The purple stream, gush from his heels—

Stung with the pain, he gave a roar,  
 That echo'd round the shuddering shore,  
 And tho' our hero's heart was steel,  
 Made it strange palpitations feel ;  
 Then on him cast a wrathful look,  
 While vengeance all his body shook,  
 And as a cat's enticing paws,  
 Attract a mouse to greet her jaws,  
 He made a quick tremendous grasp,  
 Weening to take him in his clasp,  
 By arm, or body, neck, or heel,  
 And of his carcass make a meal.  
 But our brave chief, with bound alert,  
 Evaded the gigantic art ;  
 And with his royal trusty sword,  
 The Monster's calf, severely gor'd.  
 At disappointment, doubly vex'd,  
 And with his artful foe perplex'd,  
 The Giant 'gan the strife to wage,  
 With tenfold violence and rage.  
 Nor less our hero's soul was fir'd,  
 While glory every nerve inspir'd ;  
 And victory, and immortal fame,  
 Electrified his noble frame.  
 Not with more fire and vengeful spleen,  
 Two boars engage upon the green,  
 With heads oblique, and foaming jaws,  
 To rend each others' ears and maws.

The Giant grinn'd, and gnash'd his teeth,  
 Which shrilly rattling, shook the heath;  
 And glancing down a deathful eye,  
 Uprais'd his brawny arm on high,  
 Which brandishing a pond'rous club,  
 Aim'd at his foe a mortal dub,  
 Which, erring, swift as lightning rush'd,  
 And a vast rock to atoms crush'd!  
 Then with reiterated strokes,  
 To shivers, split a grove of oaks!  
 Th' eluding chief beheld the dread,  
 Amazing ruin round him spread,  
 Astonish'd,—yet devoid of fear,  
 And still contested in the rear—  
 Thence with a vigorous thrust sent home  
 Full sorely pierc'd him on the bum;  
 At which he gave a hideous bawl,  
 And let his ponderous weapon fall.  
 And stooping down, to grasp a stone,  
 Which doubtless weigh'd an hundred ton—  
 At which our hero, chang'd his plan,  
 And flew to combat in the van—  
 And while the Giant's head was prone,  
 E'er he could raise the mighty stone—  
 While conquest beam'd in either eye,  
 Resolved the force of skull to try.  
 Then as a furious goat and ram,  
 Against their rival sconces flam,



He sprang against the monster's pate,  
 With dread velocity and weight,  
 Which he unable to sustain,  
 Fell breathless, headlong on the plain.  
 The muse thus saw a ram and bull,  
 With fury try the force of skull!  
 The enormous brute, to shew his breeding,  
 Reclin'd his head—the ram receding  
 With measur'd step—then with a bound  
 He forc'd the bull upon the ground.

HENCE let our land loud pæans sing,  
 And make the spacious welkin ring!  
 To our deliv'rer raise the lay,  
 Whose pericranium won the day!  
 Who massacr'd the deadly foe,  
 And rescu'd us from endless woe.  
 Not mightier feats Don Quixotte wrought,  
 When he with sheep, and wind-mills fought,  
 Nor when he bolder bid defiance,  
 E'en to the teeth the royal lions;  
 Nor Warwick's valiant Guy, I trow,  
 When combatting the dread dun cow!  
 Nor he who erst made dragons yield,  
 And with their teeth bestrow'd the field!  
 Nor mighty Jack, the giant fighter,  
 Nor Falstaff that facetious knight, nor

Great Hercules, that son of thunder,  
 Whose actions fill'd the world with wonder!  
 Nor he, still greater than them all,  
 On June the first who foil'd the Gaul.

HAIL great Physician, Hero, Pilot,  
 Tho' COMMON SENSE your feats may smile at,  
 And TRUTH, that antiquated dame,  
 And VIRTUE, vilify your name—  
 And MODESTY, affected prude,  
 Pronounce your glorious actions rude—  
 And JUSTICE, that old partial crone,  
 Vex'd at your rising honors frown—  
 And CONSCIENCE, that intruding thing,  
 Awake reflection with her sting;  
 And with a vile, vindictive rage,  
 Your future infamy preface—  
 Tell you, e'en now, your tainted name,  
 Is sinking in the gulph of shame.  
 Heed not those democratic things,  
 Thou doubty advocate of kings;  
 Their hisses, frowns, and threats contemn,  
 And still the tide of freedom stem.  
 Still 'gainst republicans contend,  
 Still heaven-born monarchy defend;  
 Still paint, each patriotic sage,  
 In freedom's cause, who dare engage,  
 Anxious the rights of man to save,  
 As villain, traitor, dupe and knave.

Still scourge our Frenchifi'd community,  
 Those vile banditti, with impunity.  
 To shield your fame, behold arise,  
 Confederates numerous, powerful, wise.  
 Here aristocracy array'd  
 In silver arms, prefers your aid—  
 There, royal bounty's gracious dower,  
 Rains in your lap a golden shower.  
 While loyal merchants, emissaries,  
 Tories, and tools, and mercenaries,  
 From Hampshire's hills, to Georgia's strand,  
 Hail you the saviour of our land.

THE END.

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Still looking out from the  
back of the building, we  
saw the great tower of the  
Cathedral of St. Peter's  
in the distance, and the  
Tiber, and the city of Rome  
below. The view was  
magnificent, and we  
were all very much  
impressed by it.

We then went to the  
Museum of Natural History,  
and saw the collection of  
minerals and fossils.

We then went to the  
Museum of Art, and saw  
the collection of paintings  
and sculptures.

We then went to the  
Museum of Science, and saw  
the collection of instruments  
and apparatus.

We then went to the  
Museum of Literature, and saw  
the collection of books and  
manuscripts.

We then went to the  
Museum of History, and saw  
the collection of coins and  
medals.



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# THE VISION,

## A DIALOGUE

Between MARAT and PETER PORCUPINE,  
in the infernal regions.—Occasioned by reading  
the Elegiac address of his Satannic majesty on  
the affassination of said Porcupine—See the In-  
dependent Gazetteer for July 20, 1796.

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MARAT.

**H**AIL Citizen Peter, thrice welcome to Tartarus  
Where virtuous mortals can never more martyr us—  
Where free from those precepts, (the guide of the just)  
That shackle the timid, and frighten the worst,  
From av'rice, from slaughter, ambition and strife  
And anarchy, calumny, joys of our life—  
And every black action to which we gave birth  
While suffer'd to shed blood or gall upon earth—  
Releas'd from the body, now free from controul,  
We may rage, rant and vent all the spleen of the soul.

## PETER PORCUPINE.

HAVE mercy ! have mercy, thou terrible shade—  
 Too late my repentance, I'm forely afraid !  
 I shudder with horror your visage to meet here,  
 Oh ! spare the poor manes of infamous Peter—  
 Who erst so lampoon'd, and belid'd thy great nation,  
 By distorted facts, and splenetic narration—  
 Oh ! spare my grim weasand from that dire machine,  
 Which stands at your elbow, yclept guillotine.  
 Oh ! spare me Monsieur and with zeal the most fervent,  
 I'll henceforth remain your obsequious servant.  
 I frankly acknowledge what prompted my pen  
 Was to blot and decry the just rights of men  
 And also to purchase some fame for myself,  
 To cheer up the Tories, and compass the pelf.

## MARAT.

“ NO precious confessions,”—your fears dissipate,  
 There's no guillotining in this dreary State.  
 No National Razor, no gibbet of death,  
 To sever your weasand or stifle your breath.

## PETER PORCUPINE.

BUT the lies that I coin'd, and the gall that I shed,  
 On Patriots and Freedom now fill me with dread—  
 The Gift of New Year, Bone to Gnaw, Bloody Buoy,  
 Dire spectres still haunt me and threat to destroy.  
 Oh ! save me Monsieur, from that direful machine  
 Of tyrants the terror, the fell guillotine.

## MARAT.

GIVE over your whim'ring, you dastardly elf  
 You've nothing to dread here excepting yourself—  
 'Tis conscience vindictive, with guilt pointed dart,  
 That harrows your mem'ry, and tortures your heart.  
 Give your fears to the wind, nor shrink from this arm,  
 A soul so congenial I never will harm;  
 Tho' diff'rent our actions, our motives the same,  
 Thro Vice' foulest sewer we crawl'd into fame—  
 From the dregs of mankind we rush'd into day,  
 On characters, slaughter, insatiate to prey.  
 Of ink, gall-invenom'd, you shed forth a flood—  
 My greatest delight was in shedding of blood.  
 Yet there's one distinction, I here must premise,  
 I e'er acted openly, you in disguise—  
 For I scorn'd to shelter my person or fame  
 Or under a villanous, fictitious name,  
 Or farfical, act the vile hypocrite's part;  
 But amply disclos'd the designs of my heart.

## PETER PORCUPINE.

OUR souls were congenial, in truth, I confess  
 Your actions were bloody, and mine scarcely less—  
 For could I your Razor have hung o'er their necks.  
 Ne'er more should republicans monarchs perplex  
 A heinous ambition e'er prompted my breast,  
 To be by his majesty's minions carels'd—  
 To soothe their misfortunes—the fate to bemoan  
 Of monarchies fallen, combined hosts o'erthrown.

To fate my own vengeance and freedom distain  
 True patriots to blacken, and virtue profane,  
 The risible muscles of all to excite  
 And pocket the guineas inspir'd me to write.  
 The fountain of Billingsgate hence I explor'd,  
 And over the bounds of veracity soar'd—  
 Depicted the glorious exploits of your nation  
 As anarchy, slaughter and dire devastation.  
 Thus by slanderous trash, and many tough stories  
 I gain'd the applause of tools, villains and Tories.  
 But the darts aim'd at Freedom rebounded again  
 And thrill'd my vile bosom with exquisite pain—  
 And the frowns and contempt, the hisses and scorn,  
 And triumphs of virtue, were not to be borne.  
 So I bellow'd and howl'd like a fore-headed bear  
 And sunk in a whirlpool of shame and despair.  
 Oh ! spare my poor gullet, from yonder machine  
 That National Razor, the dread guillotine.



THE END.

In the Free and Independent Press,

*A new edition of*

PORCUPINE'S PLAIN ENGLISH.

ALSO THE

CASTLES OF ATHLIN AND DUNBAYNE.

A Novel, by ANNE RATTCLIFFE.